

# Good Morning 643

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

THIS ARTICLE  
INTRODUCES  
RON RICHARDS'  
"CIVVY STREET  
GUIDE"

## When Jack Comes Home to Stay

SO the Hun is licked—and the yellow men won't last much longer if you keep sending them down at the present rate. So you will be thinking more than ever about dropping the grips for good.

All men when they leave the Service find problems piled upon them, and you, probably, won't be the exception. In fact, you will at times feel that every Ministry and civil authority is out gunning for you.

Your return to "Civvy Street" or rehabilitation, is a great turning point in your life. You have the opportunity of making for yourself a name and a home. You are already healthy—you can get the grub stakes, too—if you use the grey matter and keep plugging.

Things will be very different from when you signed on. Controls and restrictions, plus rationing and Government post-war plans all lend power to the elbow of confusion. And you will be in the midst of it all, wondering what's hit you.

Three years ago I was in that position myself, and when I did get out of the flatspin I found myself in a new world that was crazier than the one I left.

New Ministries and old councillors, all with good intentions, instruct or advise you when to

feed the children, when to turn out your bedroom lights, where you may spend your holiday, how much you may spend on a kitchen chair, how many times a week you can go to the dogs, and how much meat you may expect in a sausage.

In short, food, labour, recreation and money are in the grip of the civil service, and they intend holding what they have. Maybe they're right!

Not very different from Service life, you might say. But, in actual fact, it is very different.

You are acquainted with the numerous intricate rules and regulations of Naval Law and K.R.R.s, and you know the weaknesses of the man above you. But not so in Civvy Street. Since the war many thousands of new regulations and controls that baffle the inexperienced man have been instituted. What chance has the layman of figuring it all out?

What chance has the ex-sailor of making the grade; building a nest and bringing up a family? I repeat that you have every chance, if you know your way around.

And that's where I come in.

I am nearer home than you, and I am in touch with civic authorities and employers.

From this week onwards I will be constantly making contact with people in the know—men and women who can, and will, advise you on what to do and how to do it, when you turn in the blue.

I hope to advise you on post-war gratuities, the best way of making a home with limited means, who to see about what, and, more vital than all, how and where to get the kind of job by which you can make good.

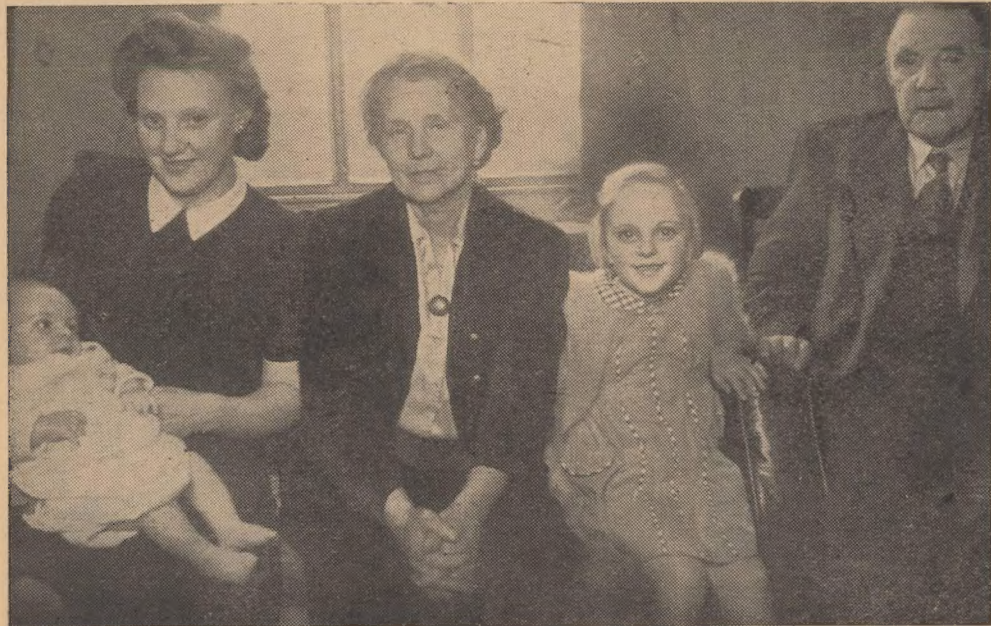
Now that's very well. I will probably be able to get quite a few employers and industry chiefs to promise employment for you. I may be able to tell you how best you can prepare yourself for certain jobs. But I won't be able to do it without your help.

If you want the maximum out of this feature you will have to give it all you've got.

If you are interested, write and tell me the kind of things you can do, give me the names and addresses of firms for whom you would like to work. And one day, when you are settled in, I shall probably be coming to you for a job.

Anyway, if we go about it in the right manner none of us should meet in the doss-house or even in the Labour Exchange queue.

So let's go to it.



## They're "Minding Your Bike," A.B. Len Gane

YOUR bicycle is being well looked after, at 28, Denyer House, Highgate-road, N.W.5, A.B. Len Gane, and as soon as you are able to take up the sport again, you will find your machine ready for the road.

Your friends from the cycling club are often inquiring after your health, and Art, is a frequent visitor to your home. He is keeping fit, but he would like it if you would write a little more often. Both your mother and father

are enjoying good health, and so is sister Marie, while Ann and seven-weeks-old Roger could not be better.

The family hear pretty often from Alec, who is still somewhere with the B.L.A., and at the same time they would like to remind you that you don't write quite as often as they would like.

Anyway, they are all hoping at home that you won't have to write much longer—that you will soon be able to give them all your news personally.

Until then, Len, they send you all their love, and don't forget, that bike will be waiting.

## News from the West Country

IT is often claimed that Cornwall supplies more men for the Royal Navy and Merchant Service, per head of the population, than any other county in England. Detailed figures are not obtainable, but there must be many thousands of Cornishmen now in the two Services who are wondering just what their own home town holds for them in the way of a livelihood when the war is over.

St. Ives, the home of the pilchard and herring fisheries, hopes that many of its returning Navy men will reap the benefits of efforts now being made to develop trawling for sprats, and the Cornwall Sea Fisheries Committee are making extensive experiments to see how far this can be achieved.

Nowadays all the old picturesque fishermen's cottages of the local artist colony, who swagger about in slacks and coloured shirts and flowing ties, painting the few idle old fishermen who stand about the quiet quayside.

When the young men of the Royal and Merchant Navies come home, after they have finished with "tin fish" and depth charges, they will want to catch fish, not pose as artists models. And if the latest predictions about our post-war food position are true, then we shall want all the sprats, as well as the herrings and the pilchards, they can catch.

### MULBERRIES FOR TRAWLERS.

ANOTHER effort being made to anticipate post-war prosperity for "those who go down to the sea in ships," is that of trying to persuade the War Office to allow St. Ives and other Cornish ports, to experiment with Mulberry ports as an aid to making some of the more treacherous harbours a safer anchorage for smacks and trawlers.

Sir James Grigg, the War Minister, has promised to consider the matter, and it is possible that St. Ives will be the first to experiment with them.

After all, St. Ives alone at one time exported 20,000 hogsheads of pilchards every year to Spain and Italy; and that is a market that cannot be despised.

### BROCCOLI 1d. EACH.

HOW many men now serving in the Navy formerly earned their living on the land, growing market garden produce, I wonder? And how many must have riled at their misfortune, when on leave in London or any other big town, to see Cornish spring flowers

being sold to befuddled ladies at fabulous prices?

The other day a smallholder in the Marazion district sent a truck of broccoli to Covent Garden, and was astounded when he received a bill from the brokers which amounted to halfpenny a broccoli!

Those broccoli were sold in the shops at anything from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 8d. each.

It was just too bad that railway costs and fees of the various handling agents should have swallowed up all the profits.

Well, that man has a son serving in the submarine service, and a grandfather who was forced out of the market garden business in the last war, and is now earning a living as a clerk.

### GALLANTRY.

GALLANT deeds in early phases of the war, now forgotten, are just beginning to bear fruit in the matter of official awards, among which are many Cornishmen in the R.N. and M.N.

Congratulations to twenty-two-year-old Fred Hooper, of St. Austell, stoker, R.N., who has just been mentioned in despatches for gallantry in action off the coast of Belgium. A former grocer's assistant, he is a son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Hooper, Old Pound.

## Goot Suit is Fashion Air Note by Peter Vincent

WE know all about diving suits, ski-ing suits, fire suits and Zoot Suits. But here is something new in gents' wear—it's called the Goot Suit, or to give it its official title, the Benger G-2 Anti-G Suit.

This apparel is designed to counteract the effects of excessive "positive G" on pilots during the violent aerial manoeuvres which form a part of modern aerial combat tactics.

The suit, now in general use with the U.S.A.A.F., stops the pilot from "blackening out," and enables him to concentrate on the fighting in hand.

When the pilot of an aircraft has to change direction quickly, at high speed, as when making a tight turn, or pulling up out of a long dive, the centrifugal force set up virtually causes his weight to be temporarily increased.

If this increase is no more than two and a half to three and a half times, gravity (this being the average strain on occupants of medium-powered aircraft during aerobatics), a healthy person feels no ill-effect.

With modern high-powered fighter planes, however, the pilot may often have to withstand a load of six-eight times gravity—or even more!

The result of this terrific force, pulling on the pilot, is to drain all the blood away from his head into the lower parts of his body. This causes his almost immediate "black out," and often his subsequent death by being shot down or crashing.

In World War No. 1, with

the comparatively slow-flying aircraft of those days, these "black outs" were rarely encountered, but in present times, with aeroplane speeds quadrupled, this danger to pilots has been responsible for many deaths. They can now be avoided.

Prior to last year all experiments to help counteract the effects of "plus G" had failed. No gadgets or drugs seemed to do the trick. Then came the Goot Suit. (G for Gravity plus Zoot equals Goot!)

Laborious experiments, carried out for many months at Wright Field, U.S.A. (one of America's best-equipped testing grounds), proved that the drainage of blood from the head could be prevented if it were possible to exert a balancing pressure on the lower parts of the body.

After weeks of secret tests it was decided that air enclosed in bladders attached to the body was the most efficient medium for exerting this pressure. It was ideally suited being readily obtainable and quickly adjustable.

A little while later the Goot Suit was being fitted on its first customers—U.S.A.A.F. pilots.

The suit's pressure is applied by five bladders, linked by straps into a sort of harness which fits over the pilot's stomach, thighs and calves. Its weight is about 2lb., and is worn inside the normal flying suit.

As the effect of G increases during a dive turn, a spring-valve in the air line connecting



the five bladders to the exhaust side of the engine-driven vacuum pump automatically opens. This progressively increases the pressure exerted by the bladders, on the pilot, in accordance with the amount of G being inflicted on him by centrifugal force.

When the effects of G is diminished, the pressure in the bladders is eased and normal blood circulation continues.

Captain D. Johnson, a Mustang (P.51) pilot, of 339 Fighter Group, U.S.A.A.F., recently demonstrated the suit for the first time.

He said: "It does the job perfectly; no matter how tight the turn, or quick the pull up, the pilot stays awake. This gives him a double advantage, as not only is he safe from 'blackening out,' but he isn't worried about black outs and can give his whole attention to his job."

Raspberries  
are our  
favourite  
fruit.

So write and tell us  
what you really think  
about  
"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—  
"Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.



# Nigger Minstrels of Oxford Street

TIN PAN ALLEY—No. 2. By Martin Thornhill

MANY have been the occasions when music publishers have fostered various kinds of entertainment, but the firm of Francis, Day and Hunter did the job the other way round.

In the middle of the last century minstrelsy began a boom that lasted about fifty years. It was something in the entertainment line to which Queen Victoria gave one of the unqualified blessings that she seldom bestowed, probably because, unlike the music-halls of the time, minstrel shows were a type of entertainment to which it was fitting to take the whole family, kids and all.

William and James Francis ran the famous Mohawk Troupe for nearly forty years, and only in the course of doing so, edged their way into publishing. Running a rival troupe was young Harry Hunter, an able writer of humorous songs, become famous.

gags and sketches. So often did the Francis brothers raid Hunter's outfit appropriating his men—so goes the story—that Hunter decided he might as well pack up and join the rival firm himself.

It became a happy and fruitful association, and within a year of joining Hunter was made a partner in the concern, which, by his clever and prolific contributions, he had now forced to the forefront in the entertainment world.

By 1877 the firm had acquired such a repertoire of material that they decided to become music publishers themselves. They were, however, still running the Mohawks, so they invited David Day (from Hopwood and Crew) to come and help them to manage the tiny shop in Oxford Street, where the present flourishing business had its small beginning, and whence it travelled on to publish the song and dance annuals for which the firm has since become famous.

## of Oxford Street

choruses sung by various artistes.

Lucas was a rolling stone, but he always rolled well inside the world of music. His next job was "pirate raiding"—along with others, and with police protection, pouncing on the street sellers of music stolen from the copyright works, photographed on to plates, reproduced in thousands, and sold outside the theatres at 2d.

To compete with the pirates, Francis, Day and Hunter started what they called "Sixpenny Popular Editions," and it was to this firm that destiny led Lucas, only to hoist him out of it to join the Army. After the war he went back into the business in a new vogue—song plugging.

In its early days this used to (Continued on Page 3)



Leslie Stuart composed "Florodora," "Havana," and hundreds of songs that became famous.

became the recognised Mecca of artistes and song-writers.

About 1895 a new song-writer appeared in the firmament of music. Thomas Barrett was a young organist who was writing songs and giving concerts in Manchester. David Day suggested that he should change his name and come to London. And Leslie Stuart arrived.

In swift succession, Stuart gave the firm "Louisiana Lou," "Little Dolly Day-Dream," "Soldiers of the Queen," and a host of other favourites. The publication of a new Leslie Stuart song became quite an event.

He reached the peak of his success with "Florodora," performed at the Lyric Theatre in 1899, which ran in London for over a year, then showed with equal success in America. Its big feature, "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," was a world-wide sensation, and is popular to this day.

Leslie Stuart was a genius, with all the eccentricities of genius. At the Savoy there was a standing order that any friend of his could have a meal at his expense. But no income could have stood the strain he put upon his, and latterly he fell on bad times, was taken ill, and in March, 1928, poor Stuart died.

Their biggest competitors were now the new music-halls, and with the wane of the nigger-minstrel shows, and after the death of the original proprietors, the firm adapted its policy with such wisdom and success to the change in public taste that the Oxford Street shop soon

Aside from music publishing, the company were still neck-deep in the entertainment business; they could, indeed, provide an entire outfit for a minstrel show—nigger black, wigs, costumes, tap-dancing shoes, and books of gags, sketches and songs. Thus, one side of the business helped the other.

## QUIZ for today

1. Virid means angry, intense, quick, green, sour?

2. If a clock which gains 5 mins. every hour is set to the right time, how long will it be before it again shows the right time?

3. How do you pronounce the towns of Bulkeley and Cholmondeston?

4. Who painted the picture, "The Boyhood of Sir Walter Raleigh?"

5. Who, in England, invented gunpowder, and about when?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Dough, bough, through, enough, though, thorough.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 642

1. Part of a helmet.  
2. To turn the "tap" which cuts screw-threads in a previously drilled hole.  
3. "Battle-ton," "Bee-la" or "By-lo."  
4. Close-cut, pointed.  
5. Archimedes, 250 B.C.  
6. 1, multiplied by itself, is still 1; others have not this property.

## I Get Around By DEREK HEBENTON

JOE DAVIS, the world snooker champion, has been in Bristol helping to raise money for Bristol's Fund for the Forces. Before competing against local players at the Royal Pier Hotel, Clevedon, Joe helped to raise £764 at the three Bristol and district shows—Red Lion (Knowle), Bulldog (Filton Avenue), and Severn Beach Hotel. The target set for Bristol's Fund is £1,000, and there is no doubting that it will be reached. Joe's highest breaks were 355 at billiards, scored in 22 minutes, and 84 at snooker (twice).

"AS concerning football playing, I protest unto you that it may rather be called a bloody and murdering practice than a felowlye sport or pastime. For dooth not everyone lye in wait for his adversary, seeking to overthrowe him and picke him on his nose, though it be on hard stones, on ditch or dale, valley or hill, or whatever place soever it be he careth not, so he have him downe; and he that can serve the most of this fashion he is counted the only fellow, and who but he?"—Stubbes, "Anatomie of Abuses in the Realme of England," 1583.

AMUSING interlude in the nine o'clock news must have caused news reader Fred Allen a blush:—

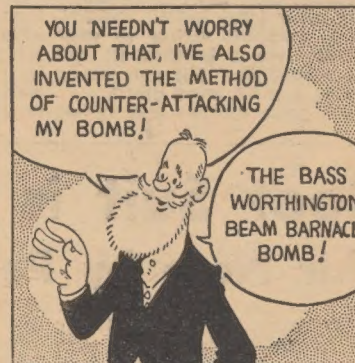
He was reading the Russian news with the appropriate brio, panache and aplomb, when he began to talk of General Cherniakhovsky's "forks."

He paused; he apparently debated whether to apologise and go back; then he decided to go on regardless.

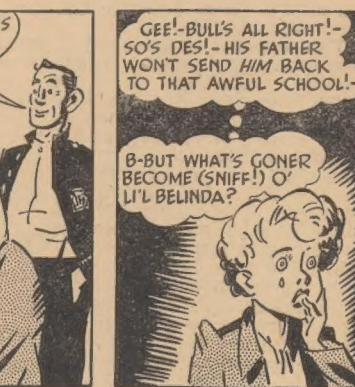
TIP for travellers. Have your mug or flask ready when tea-seeking at Crewe, Rugby, etc.

Crockery shortage, now even acuter, puts tea out of the question unless you supply a can.

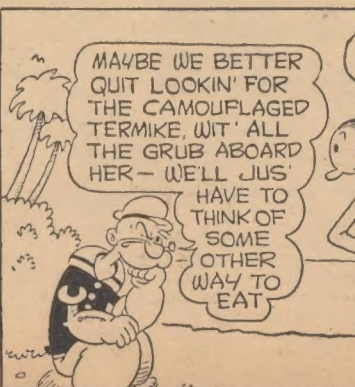
### BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE









## MODERN EVE KNOWS HER APPLES

If you've ever doubted that Science is a wonderful thing—prepare to have your doubts confirmed.

You are looking now at Ann Miller. (Should you find the prospect too dazzling, try shading your eyes or borrow a pair of dark glasses.) Point is, Science, in the shape of the American Institute of Artists and Sculptors, took time out to look at Ann, too. And from what we hear, the boys of the paints and brushes, and the hammer and chisel brigade looked Ann over pretty thoroughly. We mean, from all angles. Front side, back—well, we guess you've got the idea. Next they took down her particulars and measured up her "these and thoses." And then they made this solemn pronouncement:

**ANN MILLER, COLUMBIA STAR, IS ONE OF THE TEN MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN THE WORLD.**

Now, isn't that wonderful? Doesn't that prove that we couldn't get along without the scientific boys? Why, if it wasn't for Science we'd have simply nothing to go on—except the evidence of our own eyes. And think how old-fashioned that would be!

### OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"And that old-fashioned serpent knows his Eves!"

